LITTLE PEACHLING

GEORGENE FAULKNER

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Little Peachling

"Dear me, dear me," croaked the Osaka frog; "Kyoto is exactly like Osaka."

Little Peachling

And Other Tales *of* Old Japan

Retold by
GEORGENE FAULKNER

Illustrated by
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MY DEAR CHILDREN:

In far-away Japan, the people all love to listen to the old, old tales that are told by professional story-tellers. The "Grown-ups" enjoy these stories quite as much as do their children. And so the whole family will go to the special houses of entertainment called "yose," just as you children go to the "Movies" with your parents, and there the story-teller, or *Hanashi-ka*, as he is called, tells them tales for which they pay a small fee. But in Japan they stop their entertainment for a while, and rest and drink tea; then the *Hanashi-ka* goes on with the tale.

Some of the old, old fairy tales have been told and retold for many years and have been most popular with the Japanese audiences. Travellers to the "Flowery Kingdom of Japan" have become fascinated by these stories and some of them have been translated for us by our story-tellers and writers and have become popular with our children.

There are so many interesting Japanese stories that it was hard to make a selection, but I have tried to choose those I thought you would enjoy best. I have told and retold them over the radio and have had many requests: "Please tell more Japanese stories;" and little notes asking: "Please tell them over again."

I wish that I could wear my Japanese costume and sit down upon the floor with you and look right into your eyes, and play that I am your *Hanashi-ka*. But as I cannot be with you, I hope that you will enjoy this book of *Old Japanese Fairy Tales*, as retold by your own

"STORY LADY,"

GEORGENE FAULKNER

To my sister Elizabeth Faulkner,
who has traveled in Japan and who
has helped me to feel the background
of these Tales.

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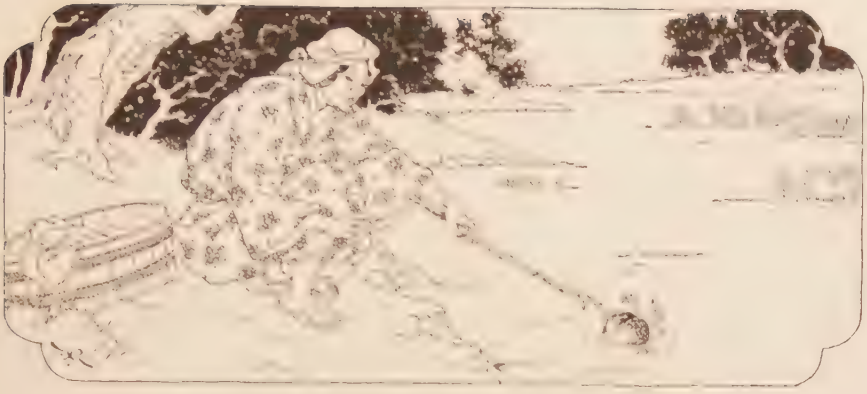


LITTLE PEACHLING

(MOMOTARO)

MANY, many years ago, there lived in the mountains of Japan an honest old wood-cutter and his wife. They had no little children of their own and often the good woman would mourn about it, saying, "How happy we should be if we only had a little child." And the good husband would answer her, "Yes, indeed, wife! I wish that we had a little son to grow up and care for us in our old age."

Now these good people loved children and they were so kind to them that all the children in the neighborhood loved them dearly and liked to play near their home.

One fine morning, the old man went up on the mountain-side to gather fagots, while his wife went down to the river to wash the clothes. As was the custom, she spread out her clothes on the smooth white stones. As she was scrubbing and scrubbing, she saw a large peach come floating and tumbling along in the water. At last it caught among her clothes. Reaching out with a long bamboo-pole, the old woman drew it towards the bank and pulled it out.

"What a fine peach! I will take this home and give it to my husband," she said. And she wrapped it in cool green leaves and putting it in a safe place upon the bank, she went on with her washing. As soon as she had finished her work, she carried home the peach.

When the sun was just going down, tinting the western sky with a rosy light, the old wood-cutter returned from the mountains carrying a great bunch of fagots upon his back. His wife had his supper spread for him and there, among the rice-cakes and fish, he saw the fine large peach.

"Why, where did you get that delicious peach?" asked the wood-cutter.

"It came floating along in the water and I fished it out with a bamboo pole, and brought it home for your supper," answered the good woman.

"Bring a knife, wife, and we will cut it in two and share it," said the wood-cutter.

Just as he cut the skin of the peach, it seemed to burst open and there, inside, lay a tiny little baby boy, smiling up at them.

"How wonderful!" gasped the woman. "Can it be possible that he is a real child?" And she touched him very gently with her finger. "Why, yes, he is alive."

"It is indeed marvelous!" answered her husband. "He is truly a gift of love from the gods!"

The good woman lifted the tiny baby carefully out of his peach-cradle, and wrapping him in her apron, she rocked him tenderly in her arms. "We will call him Momotaro" (Little Peachling), said she, "for he was born in a peach."

When the neighbors heard the news of this wonderful baby boy, they came from near and far to see him, and they rejoiced with the old couple.

The wood-cutter and his wife were devoted to Little Peachling and they brought him up as their own little son.

He was always so good and kind that he made all about him happy and he was greatly beloved by all who knew him. He grew up to be a very strong and brave young man, and was entirely without any fear.

One day, Peachling said to his parents, "I must start on a journey far away, today, and fight with the terrible Ogres that live on an island out in the sea. I have heard that they are very wicked and that for many years they have been robbing the people of their treasures, taking some of them as prisoners and shutting them up on this island. I feel that it is my duty to go out, and overcome these Ogres and set these poor people free and give them back the goods that have been stolen from them."

"Oh, my poor son!" cried the mother. "Do not go, I beg of you. What can you do among so many wicked monsters?"

"Yes, my son," said the old man, "I have heard that these Ogres are so fearful to look upon that no one dares to fight with them."

"I am not afraid," said Peachling. "The good and the right will win over these demons and I am sure that I am called upon to conquer them."

Although the parents were frightened to have Peachling go upon this adventure, still they were very proud of their brave son, who knew no fear.

"I must be on my way tomorrow morning," said Peachling. "So, honorable mother, I beg of you, please, to make me some millet dumplings, so that I may have some food to eat upon my journey."

The old man ground the millet and the old woman made him three nice millet dumplings, which she wrapped in a clean cloth and gave to him. The old couple blessed their brave son and bowing low, they said, "Sa-yô-na-ra! Sa-yô-na-ra!" which meant "Good-bye! Good-bye!"

"Sa-yô-na-ra," answered the young man, waving farewell, as he trudged down the dusty road.

The old couple watched him until he was out of sight, the old woman wiping away a few tears with the sleeve of her kimono, for she was very unhappy and feared that he might never come back to them again. But these brave old people did not complain of their loneliness, but went back to their humble daily tasks.

As Peachling went along the road, he met a dog, and the dog sniffed at his bundle, barking loudly, "*Yere-re—yere-re—yere-re!* What have you here, here, re?"

The kind-hearted Peachling saw that the dog was very hungry, so he opened his package and gave the dog one of the millet dumplings.

"I know that you are half-starved, friend dog," he said, "so I will share my luncheon with you."

After the dog had finished the dumpling, he barked his thanks. "Where are you going, honorable soldier?" he asked.

"I am going to the Island of the Ogres to punish them for their wickedness and to force them to give back the treasures they have stolen from the poor people."

"Let me go with you," answered the dog. "I may be of some service to you upon this journey!" So the two friends went down the road together.

Soon they heard a great gibbering in the branches of a tree. "*Kia! Kia! Kia!*" A monkey swung himself by his tail to and fro over their heads.

"*Kia! Kia! Kia!*" screamed the monkey. "Stop a minute, brave warrior, and rest under the branches of my tree and eat your luncheon here. I am very hungry also, and would like a little bite to eat."

The monkey swung himself by his tail down to the ground, and reaching up with one hand, he touched the package held by the young man.

"What have you here?" he asked.

"Some nice little dumplings," answered Peachling. "I will give you one, friend monkey, because you are so very hungry, but I must not stop to rest under your tree, for I am going on a long journey."

"Where are you going, friend warrior?" asked the monkey, as he took the dumpling and nibbled it very fast.

"I am going to the Island of the Ogres to punish them for their wickedness and to force them to give back the treasures they have stolen from the poor people."

"Let me go with you," said the monkey. "I may be of some service to you upon this journey, for I can do many things with my strong hands, and can pull with my long tail, which is like a rope."

So the three friends went on down the dusty road together.

Presently they heard a harsh cry, "*Ken-en-nn*, *ken-en-nn*, *ken-en-nn*." "That is the warning cry of the pheasant," said the dog. "I wonder what the trouble is."

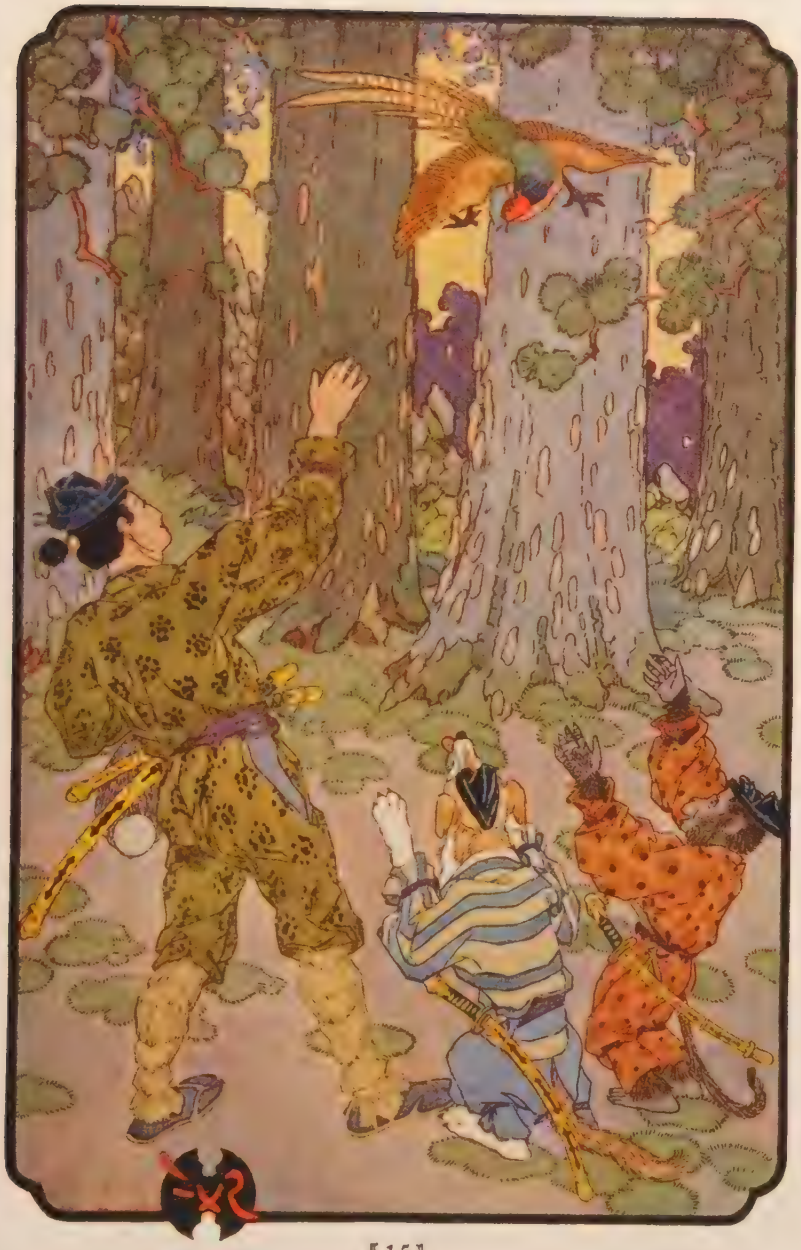
"Yes," said the monkey. "When the pheasant screams like that, it is a sign of an earthquake, or some terrible disaster."

"Maybe the poor pheasant is hurt and needs our help," said the kindly young man. Just then the pheasant flew over them, crying, "*Ken-en-nn*, *ken-en-nn*, *ken-en-nn!* My poor baby birdlings are starving and I can find no food for them. What have you in your bundle, mighty warrior?"

"Just one last little millet dumpling, which my good mother baked for me to eat upon my journey, but I am strong and can do without food, so give this dumpling to your hungry baby birdlings," said Peachling. And he gave the dumpling to the pheasant.

"*Ken-en! Ken-en!* Thank you! thank you!" said the

Just then the pheasant flew over them, crying, "Ken-en-nn, ken-en-nn, ken-en-nn!"



pheasant, flying away with the dumpling, which she fed to her hungry family.

Soon she came flying back and hovering over them, she called, "Where are you going, honorable soldier?"

"I am going to the Island of the Ogres to punish them for their wickedness and to force them to give back the treasures they have stolen from the poor people."

"Let me go with you," said the pheasant. "I may be of some service to you upon this journey."

So the four friends went on their way together and soon they came to the seashore, where they found a strong boat waiting for them.

They sailed and sailed until they came to the Island of the Ogres, and when they reached the great gate of the outer wall of the castle they made the most horrible noise. The young warrior shouted, the dog barked, the monkey shrieked and chattered and the pheasant screamed with a shrill voice: "*Ken-en-nn! ken-en-nn! ken-en-nn!* The mighty Momotaro, the brave warrior, has come with his army to take your castle! Run for your lives! *Ken-en-nn! ken-en-nn! ken-en-nn!*"

Now when the Ogres heard this dreadful din, they came rushing out of their castle. They were always afraid of the voice of the pheasant and some screamed in their fright, "An earthquake, an earthquake!" while others shouted, "No, no, a mighty army has marched against us!"

The great pheasant flew over the wall and came swooping down into the court-yard pecking at the Ogres, while the monkey climbed over the wall, and the dog helped the warrior to break open the strong gates. The Ogres were in such a panic of fear that they did not know which way to turn. They were trying to buckle on their armor as they ran and soon they were swinging their great swords, fighting each other in wild confusion.

Momotaro and his friends soon won the victory, and the Ogres were put to flight, while the King of the Ogres was taken prisoner. Then the King of the Ogres was forced to give up the keys to the castle prison, and Momotaro let out all the poor prisoners. He opened the great vault where the stolen treasures were hidden, and the prisoners helped him to carry out the rolls of silk and the gold and silver, the precious stones, emeralds, corals, amber, and tortoise-shell and to load them upon their boat.

Momotaro then left the King of the Ogres a prisoner all alone upon the castle wall of his palace. And they say that the King walked up and down upon this parapet, until he became so dizzy that he fell into the sea and was drowned. So that was the end of the King of the Ogres.

As for Momotaro and his three faithful friends, they sailed their boat back to the shore and all the treasures were returned to the poor people who owned them. The prisoners who had suffered so long in the prison of the castle were now free and carried their possessions to their own homes.

Momotaro divided some of the riches among his three faithful friends and the rest he took home to his foster-parents, so that they lived in peace and plenty all the rest of their lives.

The people all praised Momotaro, but he said, "You must not give me all the honor for overcoming these wicked Ogres. I never could have done it without the help of my three faithful friends."

Some of his friends had made for him a peach all of solid gold, which they presented to him as a reward for his bravery.

"We honor our Peachling," they said. "Long may his praises be sung and the tale of his bravery be told throughout our land."

(And their wishes have come true, children, for this story of little Peachling or Momotaro is one of the favorite tales of old Japan.

One day a little Japanese lady came into our story-hour. She was dressed all in her silken kimonas and she sat down upon the floor. She was living here, studying at the University of Chicago, and she spoke English perfectly. "Will you please tell us a Japanese story?" we begged.

"Yes," she answered, "I will tell to you the favorite story of all Japan, for our Japanese children always like best to hear this tale of little Peachling, or Momotaro."

So I am telling this story for you now, just as she told it to us.)

THE TWO FROGS

ONCE upon a time, there lived in Japan two frogs. One of these frogs lived in a ditch beside the road near to the town of Osaka, which was on the sea-coast, while the other frog lived in a small stream that ran through the city of Kyoto.

Now, these frogs lived so far apart that they never had heard of each other; but one day, strange as it may seem, the idea came into their heads that they would like to see a little of the world.

"Hop, hop, hippity-hop,
I'll hop to Kyoto before I stop,"

croaked the little frog who lived in the ditch at Osaka; while at the very same time, the other little frog at Kyoto was croaking out:

"Hop, hop, hippity-hop,
I'll hop to Osaka before I stop."

And that very day they both started out—hop, hop,

hippity-hop—on the long road that led from Kyoto to Osaka, one frog starting from one town, and the other frog starting from the other town.

They knew very little about traveling, and the way seemed much longer than they had thought, but on and on they went, steadily hopping along—hop, hop, hippity-hop.

Half way between the two towns there rose a high mountain which had to be climbed.

"Hop, hop, hippity-hop,
I can reach the mountain top,"

croaked both frogs. It took a great many hops before they reached the mountain top, but at last, with one big jump, there they were on the top of the mountain.

Each one was astonished to see before him another frog.

"O-hayo (Good morning), Honorable Friend!" said the frog from Osaka. "Where are you hopping so fast, and from what town do you come?"

"O-hayo, Honorable Friend!" answered the other; "I am from Kyoto and I am hopping along on my way to visit Osaka. Where are you going?"

"That is very strange," said the first frog. "I am from Osaka, and I am now hopping along to see Kyoto, for I feel that it is time I learned more of this wonderful country."

"Yes, I have the same feeling, and that is why I came on this journey," said the second frog. "But now that we have met, let us rest here under this tall pine-tree, for I am out of breath from climbing."

"Yes," agreed the other, "I am very tired, too. How fine it would be if we could only see these towns from this mountain top, and then we would not have to hop so far."

"What a pity we are not bigger," said the frog from Osaka, "then we could see both of these towns from here."

"Oh, we can easily make ourselves taller," said the frog from Kyoto. "We can each stand on our hind legs and hold

on to each other to keep our balance while we stretch our heads up as high as possible. Then we can each look down and see the town toward which we are hopping."

"Why, that is an excellent idea," said the frog from Osaka, and jumping up at once on his hind legs he put his front feet on the shoulders of his friend. The frog from Kyoto stood up also, and there they were, stretching up as high as they could while each held the other tightly, so that he would not fall down.

The Osaka frog turned his nose to Kyoto, while the Kyoto frog turned his nose to Osaka; but the foolish frogs forgot that their great bulging eyes were in the backs of their heads, and, although their noses pointed toward the places where they wished to travel, their eyes were looking back upon the places from which they had come.

"Dear me, dear me," croaked the Osaka frog; "Kyoto is exactly like Osaka. It certainly is not worth while for me to hop away down there! I shall hop back home."

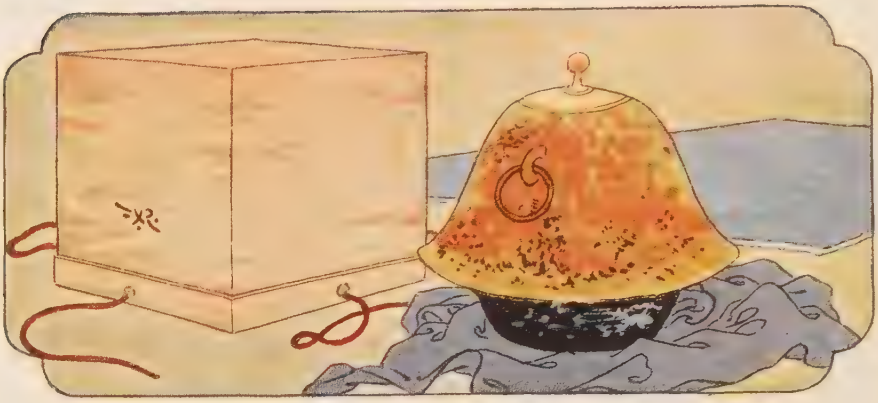
"Dear me, dear me," croaked the frog from Kyoto, "I can say the same, for if I had known that Osaka looked just like Kyoto, I never would have left my home and hopped all this long, weary way."

Then the two frogs took their feet from each other's shoulders.

"Sa-yô-na-ra (Good-bye), Honorable Friend," croaked the frog from Osaka, "may you have a pleasant journey back to your home."

"Sa-yô-na-ra, Honorable Friend," answered the frog from Kyoto. "And may you reach your home safely."

And they both hopped down the mountain side—hippity-hop, hippity-hop—back to their own homes again, and to the end of their days these two frogs always believed that Osaka and Kyoto, which really were very different from each other, were as much alike as two peas in a pod.



THE WONDERFUL TEA-KETTLE

("BUMBUKU-CHAGAMA")

ALONG, long time ago there lived in Japan a very good old priest. His home was in the temple of Morinji, in the province of Kotsuke. His young pupils lived in the temple with him.

This old priest was very fond of the ceremony known as *Chanoyu*—the preparing and drinking of tea. It was his chief pleasure in life to prepare the tea and invite his friends to drink it with him.

One day in a second-hand shop, he found a nice-looking old tea-kettle which be bought for a very small sum. All the way up the hill to the temple, as he carried the box which held the precious kettle, he kept thinking how beautiful it was. When he reached his room, his hands fairly trembled as he untied the tape about the box, and, drawing out his wonderful tea-kettle, he placed it upon the box, turning it around from side to side to admire it.

"Indeed, you are a beauty; that's what you are!" said

the old priest joyously. "Tomorrow, I will invite all of my friends to come in to the *Chanoyu*. How pleased they will be to find me serving tea from such a wonderful kettle!"

In his delight he called to his pupils, "Come here, boys! Come into my room and see my beautiful tea-kettle! Has it not an artistic shape?" The old priest patted the brass sides of the kettle. "It is good brass, too; I found it in a small shop and bought it at a great bargain. Now you must go back to your studies. I shall soon be ready to hear you recite your lessons."

The boys admired the old kettle to please their master, but back in the school-room, they laughed. "What does he want with another old tea-kettle? The old priest loves his tea better than anything else on earth."

After a while the old priest became drowsy, his eyes began to blink, he began to nod and, at last, rested his head upon his desk and fell fast asleep.

Then a marvelous thing happened. The tea-kettle began to move about. A hairy head, with a sharp little nose, appeared from its spout. Two funny beady little eyes peered all about. A long bushy tail came from the opposite side. Four little feet pushed from under a soft furry coat, that seemed to cover the surface of the kettle. The queerest little badger jumped down and went capering all around the room! It jumped up and down upon the floor. It climbed on the table and danced about.

The three boys in the next room heard the noise. "The priest is awake. I hear him moving about," said one of the boys. He peeped through the screen and was amazed to see the tea-kettle on four feet, dancing and capering about the room.

"Oh, oh!" he cried out in horror, "the tea-kettle is no longer a tea-kettle. It has changed into a badger!"

"What nonsense!" said the second boy. "How could a

tea-kettle turn into a badger?" And he pushed his companion aside and peered through the screen.

When he saw the badger capering towards him, he screamed in terror. "It is a goblin! See, he is climbing the screen! He is coming at us! Let us run!"

The third boy was not so easily frightened. "What a joke on the old priest! I think this is good fun. How that little creature does run about! Let's wake the master and let him see his wonderful tea-kettle now!"

"Wake, Master, wake!" called the boy, rushing into the room and pulling the priest's sleeve. "Wake up and see your kettle! Such a strange thing has happened!"

"You noisy fellow!" scolded the old priest. "Leave me alone! How dare you rouse me from my nap? What is the matter with you?"

"Matter enough!" said the pupil. "Anyone would be noisy when such a queer thing has happened. Look, look, master, your wonderful tea-kettle has feet and is running about!"

"What do you mean? What are you talking about?" gasped the old priest. "The kettle has feet and is running about? Nonsense! There is the kettle sitting upon the box just where I left it!"

And, sure enough, as soon as the master began to wake the badger had climbed upon the box and had changed into a brass tea-kettle again.

"Such stupid boys!" scolded the priest. "You should have been studying your lessons instead of rushing in here to awaken me for nothing!"

"But it was not for nothing, Master," said the boys in chorus. "We saw the badger under the kettle."

"Nonsense!" said the Master. "That is impossible! As long as I have lived, I never have heard of a tea-kettle walking about like a badger! You can't make me believe that!"

The priest, however, was a little uneasy about it and watched his tea-kettle for a long time. At last he patted it, and, murmuring to himself as he felt the smooth brass sides, "Such nonsense! I believe I need a good cup of tea to rest my nerves!"

So he took the kettle down from its box, filled it with water, lighted his little charcoal fire, and placed the kettle over the embers, so that the water would boil.

To his horror, as soon as the water began to boil, the kettle jumped into the air, spilling the hot water about and shrieking shrilly, "*Hot! Hot! Hot!* You are burning me! *Hot! Hot! Hot!*"

And there was the tea-kettle, changed into a furry little badger with a sharp nose and beady eyes, a bushy tail and four little feet.

"*Help! Help! Help!*" cried the poor priest, terrified out of his wits. "Catch this awful goblin! *Help! Help! Help!*"

The three boys rushed in with sticks to help the old priest, but, presto-change! the badger was gone and there on the floor was the tea-kettle with a pool of water all about it.

"Did the kettle fall off the fire, Master?" asked one of the boys.

"No, it turned into a badger and jumped right at me," said the terrified priest. "I do not understand it! See it now! It looks like a kettle once more!"

"We will soon find out whether it is alive, or not," said one of the boys, and they all began to beat it with their sticks.

"*Clang! Clang! Clang!*" sounded the metal kettle. "Clang! Clang! Clang!" it rang out at every blow.

"Stop, boys! there is nothing to be gained by beating it," said the priest. "I do not want to keep it any longer and so I shall sell it as soon as I can."

The kettle jumped into the air, shrieking shrilly, "Hot, hot, hot!"

That evening a tinker came that way and the priest was very glad to see him. "Here is the man to buy the tea-kettle," he said to himself. Aloud, he said, "Tinker, come into my room and see the old kettle I have. It is quite battered and bent, but it is good brass. Possibly you could mend it up and sell it."

The tinker looked at the kettle and tapped the brass sides. "Yes, I can mend it and polish it up," he said. So he paid the priest a few coppers for the kettle, wrapped it up in a cloth, placed it carefully in its box, and tied the tapes tightly. Then he carried it home, well pleased with his bargain.

When he was getting ready for bed, he untied the box and, opening the cloth, he inspected the kettle. "Surely this is a very good brass kettle," he said. "I wonder how it ever got so many dents. Well, in the morning, I will mend it and fix it as good as new."

The tinker went to sleep in fine spirits and he was dreaming about his beautiful brass kettle when he heard a noise as though someone was moving about in the room. "I must be dreaming," he said to himself and he turned over and went to sleep again. But soon he was awakened by a shrill little voice that called, "Tinker, oh, tinker, get up! get up!"

The tinker sprang up, wide-awake this time and, lo and behold, there was the tea-kettle with the head, the sharp little nose and beady eyes, the bushy tail, the four little feet and the furry little body of a badger.

The tinker was frightened nearly out of his wits and began to scream, "Goblin! Goblin! Go away, you ugly goblin!"

The badger walked right towards him, grinning. "Listen to me, my dear tinker, I am not a goblin! Do not be frightened! I am a wonderful tea-kettle and my name is *Bum-*

buku-Chagama. I will bring you good luck, for you have treated me well. I do not like to be put over the warm coals, as the priest placed me in the temple today. I do not care to be beaten with sticks. Those boys at the temple beat me and made dents in my sides. But you patted me gently and wrapped me carefully, and promised to mend me, so I shall bring good luck to you, tinker!"

The tinker still trembled a little; he was so astonished to hear this badger tea-kettle talking. "What can I do for you, Bumbuku-Chagama?" he asked humbly. "Shall I wrap you in the soft cloth again and keep you in your box?"

"Oh, no, no!" answered the tea-kettle. "I would like to live here in your house with you! I like nice sweet things to eat, just as you do. I will not be a burden, however, for I can work for my living. Now, go to sleep, tinker, and in the morning I will show you what I can do."

The tinker was soon fast asleep. In the morning, he rubbed his eyes, feeling sure that it was all a dream. But, no! There was the badger tea-kettle looking at him with his beady little eyes. Bowing low before him, the badger said, most politely:

"O-hayo (Good-morning), honorable master!"

The kind tinker then provided a fine feast for Bumbuku-Chagama. After breakfast was over, he took the dents out of the brass sides of the kettle and polished it all over until it shone like a mirror.

This pleased the badger very much. "Honorable tinker," said Bumbuku-Chagama, "you must know that I am no ordinary kettle, nor am I an ordinary badger. I have many tricks and accomplishments. If you will take me around the country, you can give shows with me if you will have someone to accompany me with music and singing!"

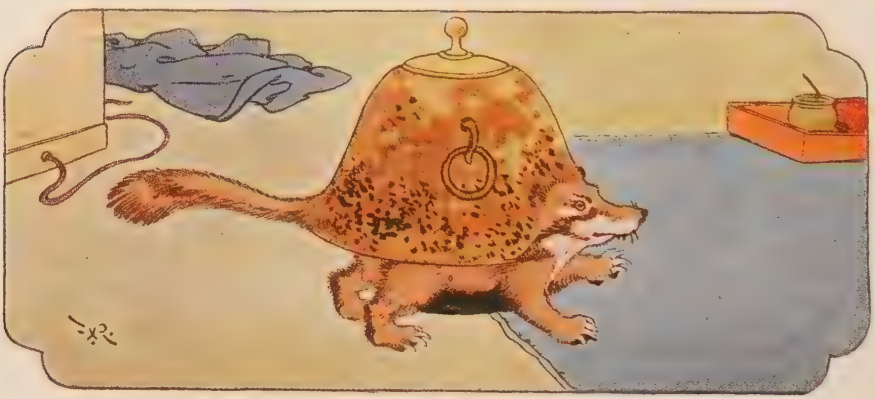
The tinker never doubted the badger, and so he started out at once. He called his show "BUMBUKU-CHAGA-

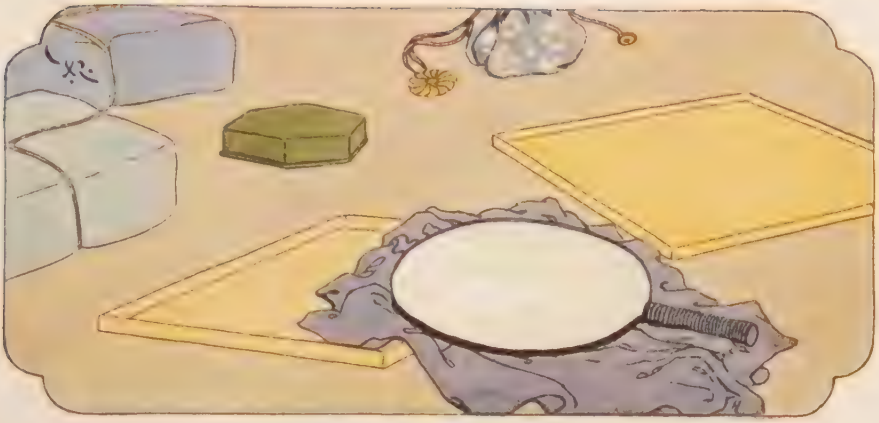
MA." People came from near and far, and the wonderful tea-kettle made a great success. He would be as still as an ordinary tea-kettle at first, then, suddenly, he would change into a badger with the kettle on his back. Not only did he walk about on four legs, but he would walk the tight-rope and dance upon it, performing all kinds of acrobatic tricks and ending by making a low bow to his spectators, begging them to come to his next show. Finally he would climb up on his box, close his eyes, and become a brass kettle again.

The people came in crowds to see the wonderful tea-kettle, and the theatre was filled many times a day for his show. At length, even the princes heard of him and the tinker was summoned to the royal palace, where he entertained the princes and the princesses and all the court.

At last the tinker became so very rich that he retired from the show business and, wishing his faithful kettle to rest, he spent a large share of his wealth upon the kettle and had it placed in the Temple of Morinji, where it was kept as a precious treasure.

Some say that every day the tea-kettle becomes a badger, and is fed upon sugar-plums, while others say that it always rests now, in the form of a brass kettle, and is worshiped as a saint.





THE MIRROR OF MATSUYAMA

(MATSUYAMA KAGAMI)

ONCE upon a time, long long ago, there lived in Matsuyama, in the Province of Echigo, a very happy family—a man and his wife and their dear little girl. One day the father came home and said, sadly:

"See, dear wife, I have just received this message from the Emperor of Japan, commanding me to come at once to the great city of Tokyo. I am very sorry to leave you and our dear daughter, for this means I must be gone many days."

Now, you must know, children, that there were no trains in those days and, as this good man had no horse upon which to ride, he was obliged to walk the whole long journey.

His wife had never been further from home than the next village, so she was frightened at the thought of her husband taking such a long journey, and yet she was a little proud, too, for she knew that he was the first man

in all that part of the country who had ever been summoned by the Emperor.

When the time came for the father to leave home, the mother and little daughter walked with him down through the village until they came to a long path which went winding up the mountain side. There he kissed them goodbye, saying, "Sa-yô-na-ra (Good-bye), dear wife! I hope I may be able to come home in about three weeks. Sa-yô-na-ra, dear little daughter! I will bring you some presents from the great city of Tokyo."

"Sa-yô-na-ra, Sa-yô-na-ra," they both answered sadly; and the mother led the little girl back home.

After three long weeks had passed, the mother felt that it was time to expect her husband home, so she hung garlands of flowers all about the house, and dressed herself and her little daughter in their very best kimonas and, hand in hand, they walked down to the turn of the road to await his coming.

On the side of the mountain they saw a tiny speck come down the winding pathway and, as it drew nearer and nearer, they saw that it was the father. Soon he was clasping them in his strong arms, and kissing them, while they hugged and kissed him in return, and told him over and over how much they had missed him these many days.

He had wonderful things to tell them about his long journey to the city, and about the Emperor and the royal palace. When they reached home, he untied a package and brought out some presents for his little daughter.

"I want you always to have a happy spirit," he said, as he gave her a tiny image of the goddess of laughter, Uzume. Then he took out a funny little toy monkey made of cotton, and when the little girl pressed a spring, the monkey ran up to the top of a rod.

"Watch this tombo (dragonfly)", said the father, as he

took out a toy which was shaped like a T. When he whirled it about in his fingers, it flew up into the air like a real dragonfly. The little girl clapped her hands in glee, calling to her mother:

"Just see it fly! Just see it fly!" But, best of all, the little girl loved the new doll (ninghio) which her father had bought for her.

"Keep this doll carefully," said her mother, "then some day, when you are grown, your own little girl will play with it, as you play with my doll on Doll's Day."

The little girl sat down upon a straw mat near her father. She patted the beautiful little silk kimona on the doll and hugging her new dolly to her, she listened to the stories her father told of the wonderful city of Tokio, and of all the strange sights he had seen there.

By and by, the little girl went outside to play and, when they were alone, the husband handed his wife a white box, saying: "I have brought you a very pretty present. It is called a mirror. Look and tell me just what you see inside."

He gave her a plain white wooden box tied with a red tape, and when she had opened it, she found inside, wrapped in silk, a round piece of metal. One side was white, like frosted silver, and was covered with raised figures of birds and flowers, while the other side was as bright as the clearest crystal. But, as the young mother bent over it, she was amazed to see a beautiful woman who was looking out at her with shining eyes and a happy smile.

"Oh, husband," she gasped. "Look in here at this beautiful woman. Why, she seems to talk as I talk, and she is smiling at me. Her hair is like my hair, and she wears a light blue silk kimona, just like mine. Is that not very strange?"

"Why, you silly little woman," laughed her husband. "Don't you know that is your own face you see before you?

"Oh, husband," she gasped. "Look in here at this beautiful woman."

That round piece of metal is called a mirror, and it is a bit of glass that can reflect anything placed before it. So it is a picture of you as you have seen yourself in a pool of clear bright water. All the women in Tokyo use these mirrors, although we have never seen them in this little country place before. But, my dear little wife, you are much more beautiful than any of the court ladies."

The wife gazed and gazed into the mirror, smiling at the picture of herself, for she liked to see her red lips, and her black hair, and laughing eyes, and she knew that her husband was right—that she was, indeed, very beautiful. After a while, she put it down, scolding herself softly: "How silly I am to sit here and smile at my own image. I shall grow vain if I keep on looking at my own face. I must look about me to find beauty. My husband tells me I am beautiful because he loves me, but I must remember that I am only beautiful when I am happy and smiling, for, if I look cross and angry, then my mirror will show me a face that is scowling and sad. I will put my mirror in the box and shut it up among my most valued treasures, and I will look at it only once a year to see if my face is full of joy and gladness."

So she put the mirror away, wrapping it carefully in a silk cloth, and tying up the box, and only once a year did she take it out, and then she did not admire herself, but she looked thoughtfully at her face, watching to see that no cross lines came upon her brow.

After many years, the little girl grew from a small girl into a beautiful young woman, and her dolls and her toys were all put carefully away for her own little children to enjoy. She grew to look more and more like her mother every day, and, as she was always thoughtful of others, and very unselfish, everybody loved her.

The mother remembered her own little passing vanity,

when her husband had told her that she was beautiful and she had found that it was true, as she gazed for the first time into a mirror. So, this careful mother was afraid that her daughter might become vain of her beauty and she had kept her mirror hidden away from the young girl. She never spoke of the silver mirror, and the father seemed to have forgotten about it. So the daughter grew up to be just as simple as her mother had been, never knowing that she was beautiful.

By and by a great sorrow came to this happy little family; the good kind mother became very ill and, although the father and daughter waited upon her day and night with loving care, she grew rapidly worse and worse until they knew that she could not stay with them.

When the good mother found that she soon must leave her husband and dear daughter, she felt very sad. She called her daughter to her and said: "My dear daughter, I know that I am very sick, and soon I must go on a long journey from whence no one can ever return. I want to give you a present which will always remind you of me. Go now and bring me the white box that your father gave me, so long ago, when you were a little girl. Look in it and tell me just what you see."

The daughter brought out the box and carefully unwound the silk and, when she looked for the first time at the mirror, she exclaimed in surprise, "Oh, mother, dear mother, I can see your face looking out at me. You are very beautiful and young and happy and smiling."

"Yes, dear daughter," the mother answered softly. "The face you see before you looks very like my own, when I was your age. Now, when I am gone, look into this mirror every morning and night, and talk with me, telling me of your joys and sorrows. Be sure and bring only smiles, and then the face will smile back at you. But, if you bring

tears and sadness, then you will only see tears and sadness in the mirror. Try to do right, my dear, and comfort your poor father. Try to make him happy and then you will see happiness in this face."

"Yes, yes, I promise, dear mother," said the girl softly.

And, not long after that, the mother was gone.

The girl remembered what her mother had said and went and brought out the white box and, when she looked into the mirror and saw the sad, tear-stained face looking out at her, she cried aloud, "Oh, I have made my dear mother most unhappy! I must never look at her like this, through my tears, even if I do feel lonely and sad." So, drying her eyes, she went back and smiled at the face in the mirror and, instantly, the smile came back to her.

"Now, she is happy," said the girl, "and I must try to make her smile every day, and make my poor lonely father happy, too."

Every day the brave girl tried to comfort her father and her greatest joy was to be able to look into the mirror at night, and smile. Then she would say gently, "Mother, I have tried today to do all that you would have me do."

Now, as her father saw her looking into the mirror and talking with it, he asked her the reason for her strange behavior.

"Why, don't you see, father," she answered, "this is the present you brought for dear mother so long ago, and she gave it to me and told me to look into it every day. As I look into this mirror, I can always see the face of my mother before me. If I am sad, she looks sad, but if I smile at her, she smiles back to me."

As she told him of her mother's last wish, the father was touched by her childlike faith.

"My daughter, you are quite right. You grow to look more like your dear mother every day and, like hers, your face shines with love and happiness."

"THE PRINCE OF THE REED PLAINS"

ONCE upon a time there lived in Japan a mighty prince who had eighty-one sons. Now, eighty of these princes were proud and bold, and they quarreled constantly with each other and despised their younger brother because he was good and gentle. He was not very handsome, but his eyes were always shining with kindness, so that everyone loved him. He was very good to the poor people who worked out in the rice-fields; his older brothers often mocked him, saying, haughtily, "You are no better than a servant. You spend all your time with the workers in our father's rice-fields. You should be called 'Prince of the Reed Plains'."

All the animals loved the young prince for his kind care of them; at one time he had saved the lives of some little field mice when the reapers were about to cut down their tiny home.

Now, at that time, there lived in Inaba a very beautiful princess. She had eyes as bright as the stars, and her hair was as black as the darkest night. As she grew older every-

one about the court said, "Soon our beautiful princess will be married."

But she would answer, "Nowhere in Inaba is there a prince for me to wed."

When people heard of her great beauty, suitors came from near and far to try to woo her. Among them came the eighty brothers, all quarrelling with one another.

They took with them, as their servant, the Prince of the Reed Plains. "He is so homely that she will not love him," they said. "He is no better than a servant, so he shall carry all our burdens."

The eighty haughty brothers marched on ahead, leaving the Prince of the Reed Plains to follow after them. As they came to Cape Keta by the seashore, they saw a poor little hare lying on the sand. He was stripped of his furry coat and was weeping and moaning.

"Oh, please, kind sirs, what shall I do to make my fur grow again?"

One of the wicked brothers answered, with a mocking laugh, "Run out into the sea and bathe in the salt water; then climb up on the slope of yonder high mountain and let the Wind God fan your skin. That will cure you."

"Thank you kindly, Noble Prince," said the poor little hare, and he did just as he was told, while the cruel brothers laughed to see him hopping down into the sea waves. The salt sea water made his skin smart, and when he lay down on the sunny slope of the mountain the sun and wind cracked and burned his tender skin until he cried with pain.

The Prince of the Reed Plains came, last of all, carrying his heavy burdens and when he saw the poor little hare he said, "Why are you lying here in the sun weeping?"

"Oh, honorable sir," said the little hare, "you have a kind face and I am sure that you must have a kind heart. Maybe you will help me, if I tell you my sad story."

"Tell me, little hare, and I will do what I can for you," said the young man.

"All my life I lived in the island of Oki. As I grew older I wished to cross over to this mainland but, of course, I could not swim. So, one day, when I saw some crocodiles stretched out on the beach, I called out, boastingly, 'There are more hares in Oki than there are crocodiles in the sea'!"

" 'That is not so,' answered one of the crocodiles; 'you don't know what you are talking about. There are more crocodiles in the sea.'

" 'Well, you get all the crocodiles to come and lie in a row across from this island to Cape Keta. I will run across your backs and count them as I go. Then we shall know whether there are more hares, or crocodiles in the world.'

"So the crocodiles did just as I said, and their broad backs made a good bridge for me, and I came hopping across counting them as I ran. But, when I was just jumping off the last crocodile upon the shore, I called out, mockingly, 'That is the time I fooled you! I only wanted to use you to make a bridge for my own safe crossing to the mainland.' Then, the last crocodile caught my fur in his teeth and, in his anger, he stripped me of my coat. As I lay here on the sand, weeping and wailing, eighty princes came along and they told me to bathe in the sea and to lie in the wind and the sun. I did so and now my body is cracked, and it stings and smarts. What can I do, for I can hardly bear this pain?"

The Prince of the Reed Plains answered, "You poor little hare, I do pity you. You did wrong to trick the crocodiles, but my brothers did wrong to tell you to bathe in the sea, so I will help you. You must go quickly to the mouth of the river and bathe the salt from your body with the fresh clear water there. Then take the pollen from

He looked like a servant but the beautiful princess knew, from the hare, just who he was.

the water reeds and spread it about and roll upon it and your body will be again covered with fur."

The hare did just as the Prince of the Reed Plains told him to do and soon soft fur began to grow all over his body. The grateful little hare hopped after the prince and said, "I know that you are going to the royal palace. Those other cruel princes shall not wed the beautiful princess and, although you seem to be their servant and carry their bags, yet I know you are the true prince, and you shall marry her." Then the little hare ran away, clippety-clippety-clip, through the tall grass. He ran to the garden of the palace and there he found a little brother hare, who was the pet and playmate of the beautiful princess, and he told him the whole story.

"Now, you must help this good prince to wed your beautiful mistress," said the hare. "He is carrying all the burdens like a servant, but he is really a prince and he is worthy of your beautiful princess because he has such a kind heart."

"I will whisper your story to my princess," said the pet hare, and he did so that very day.

Now, in the meantime, the eighty princes came to the palace and each, in turn, tried to woo the Princess but, her answer was the same to all:

"I will not listen to one of you, for I know that you are cruel. I am going to marry the Prince of the Reed Plains for I have been told that he has a kind heart."

Then the eighty princess went away in great anger, plotting among themselves how they might trap the prince.

At last, the Prince of the Reed Plains came near the royal palace, bearing his brothers' burdens. He looked like a servant but the beautiful princess knew, from the hare, just who he was; so she went outside the gate to meet him. When she looked into his eyes, she knew that he had

a kind heart, and she loved him at once. And so she married him in secret. Then she came to her father, the King, and said:

"A very noble and beautiful prince has come to our land. I would have him for my husband."

Her father went forth to look at the prince but, as soon as he saw him, he said, "This is only the ugly Prince of the Reed Plains; he is no better than a servant to his brothers. How dare he come here begging for your hand?"

So he caused the Prince to be seized and put in the snake-house, that night. Now, it would have fared ill for the Prince, if his wife, the Princess, had not managed to give him a magic scarf. "When the snakes are about to strike you," she whispered, "wave this scarf three times."

The Prince took the magic scarf and did as she told him, waving it three times at the snakes. Soon all the serpents coiled up and went to sleep and the Prince slept soundly until the morning.

The next day the King was very angry when he saw that the Prince was unharmed by the snakes. So he ordered him to be put into a chamber of wasps and centipedes.

But that night, as before, the Prince waved the magic scarf three times, and slept unharmed in the chamber of the wasps and centipedes.

Then the King was more enraged and was determined to kill the Prince. He shot an arrow from his great bow far away into the midst of the moor, and he said to the Prince, "Go and get that arrow!"

As soon as the Prince got to the middle of the moor the King set fire to it all about, so that there was no chance of escape.

While the Prince stood gazing at the fire, as the circle of flames came closer and closer, a little field mouse came to him and said, "Once you were kind to the field mice,

and now we can help you." And he led the Prince to a certain spot, saying, "The inside is hollow, hollow; the outside is narrow, narrow."

Putting his foot on the spot, the Prince saw it open and he fell into an underground passage where he hid until the fire burned past him. As he came out upon the burned and blackened moor, the field mouse ran to him, carrying the arrow in his mouth. The tiny children of the mouse came after, each bringing a feather from the shaft of the arrow.

Meanwhile, the poor Princess was watching the flames and weeping, for she truly loved her kind prince.

The father was just saying, "At last we have trapped the ugly Reed Prince. He is not worthy to be the husband of our Princess," when in walked the Prince, holding the arrow in his hand.

Then the King took the Prince and Princess into his garden-house, but, while he was planning another task for the Prince, the King fell asleep. The Prince—very quietly, without waking the King—tied his long locks of hair to the rafters. He took the King's great sword, his bow and arrows, and his magic lute. Then he and his wife—the beautiful Princess—slipped away, locking the door with a big rock.

The Prince carried the Princess on his back and ran through the garden and out into the forest to hide, before the King could awaken to give the alarm. But, as the Prince ran, the magic lute caught in the branches of the tree and called out a loud note of warning to his master, and the King awoke with a start. When he found his hair tied, he pulled and pulled until his house fell down about him.

This gave the Prince and Princess time to reach the pass between that far distant land and the Prince's own home land.

Now the King could not but admire the Reed Prince. Even though he was angry to be outdone by him, he loved

his courage. So he called out, in a loud voice, "You have successfully overcome me, but your brothers lie hidden in the valley waiting to kill you! Use now my great sword and my bow and arrows. Shoot at them with my magic arrows and all of them will be swept into the river."

The Prince of the Reed Plains did as the King commanded and the eighty wicked princes were swept into the reaches of the river.

Then he built for his wife a palace with mighty pillars of stone near the palace of the King, and the old King loved the Prince of the Reed Plains, for he knew him to be brave as well as kind and gentle.

And the Princess loved him more and more each day, for she said, "I knew from the story of that little hare that if he was kind to the animals, he would be kind and loving to his wife." So they lived in peace and happiness all their lives.

CHIN-CHIN KOBAKAMA

ONCE upon a time there lived in Japan, a little girl who was pretty, but she was lazy and selfish. The parents of the little girl were very rich. They lived in a beautiful home. The floors were covered with soft padded straw matting. The screens were made of carved ebony and covered with silk, which was embroidered by artists.

The little girl was always dressed in the beautful embroidered silk kimonas. She always wore a bright sash, or "obi," tied around her waist, but she never dressed herself. Her parents had so many servants and they were all so fond of the little girl that they spoiled her. They dressed and undressed her. They combed and arranged her beautiful black hair. They polished her long finger nails. They waited upon her from morning until night, doing many things for her which she ought to have done for herself, and, of course, she just grew more and more lazy and selfish, every day.

When she grew up to be a beautiful young woman, a young warrior asked her father if he could marry her. He was a very brave and handsome young man, and the young people loved each other dearly.

After the wedding festivities were over, the young hus-

band took his beautiful bride to her new home. He did not have a large house, nor many servants. There was only one old servant to cook the food and to care for the house. So the lazy young woman, for the first time in her life, found that she had many things to do for herself. She had to dress and undress herself now, and she must take care of her clothes and make herself pretty and neat. She tried hard to do this, because she loved her husband and was anxious to please him.

Now the young warrior had to go away very often and he had to be gone for a long time in the wars. While he was gone she could be as lazy as she pleased, for his old parents were good-natured and never scolded her.

One night, when it was very still, just at the "hour of the Ox," which is two o'clock, and is a very mysterious time, she was awakened by hearing some queer little noises in her room. Startled and frightened, she sat up straight in bed and by the light of the big paper lantern, she saw a strange sight.

Tiny little men dressed just like Japanese warriors were marching and dancing and whirling about her bed, while the floor was covered with hundreds of these little men, not more than an inch high.

These little soldiers wore two tiny swords, and they were dressed just like her husband. As they danced about her, they grinned at her and sang in a mocking voice:

"Chin-Chin Kobakama—
Yomo fuké soro
Oshizumare, Hime-Gimi!
Ya ton ton!"

which meant:

"We are the Chin-Chin Kobakama—
The hour is late.
Sleep; noble, honorable darling!"

Then by the light of the night lantern, he saw the drawn white face of his poor little wife.

Although these words sounded very polite, she could tell by the mocking voices and the grinning faces that these little warriors were making fun of her. Reaching out with her hands, she tried to catch them; she struck at them, trying to drive them away, but they jumped aside, and went whirling and whirling about, waving their tiny swords and making up ugly faces as they sang over and over again:

"Chin-Chin Kobakama—
Yomo fuké soro!
Oshizumare, Hime-Gimi!
Ya ton ton!"

All through the night they danced about her, and she was so frightened that she could not cry out, nor sleep.

In the early dawn, they vanished down under the floor-mats, as suddenly as they had come. She felt sure that they must be fairies, but she did not like to tell anyone about their strange visit.

The next night, just at the "hour of the Ox," the little men came again, and waked her up with their mocking song. The little wife lay awake, frightened, until dawn.

Every night after that, they came back at the same hour, and she was in such a panic of fear that she could not sleep. At last she became weak and ill. She could not eat, for all day she feared and dreaded the night, and every night the tiny warriors came out and frightened her, so that she could get no rest.

When her husband came home from the war, he was worried to find her looking so ill. "What is the matter with my honorable darling?" he asked gently.

The little wife began to sob and cry. At first she hid her face in her kimona sleeve, for she was afraid that he would laugh at her and tell her that she had been dreaming. But he was so very kind and gentle to her, as he coaxed

her to tell him her troubles, that at last she sobbed out the whole story.

He listened very seriously, and did not laugh at her, but took her in his arms, and wiping away her tears, said:

"Do not cry, poor little wife. I will watch for these little men tonight, and protect you with my big sword. At what hour will these tiny warriors appear?"

"At the hour of the Ox!" sobbed his wife. "They always come back at the same hour!"

That night the warrior hid himself behind a tall screen in their sleeping room, watching through a crack to see what would happen. He waited and watched until two o'clock, "the hour of the Ox," when suddenly up through the mats, came the tiny little soldiers, dressed just as he was dressed. They marched about waving their tiny swords, and began to dance and to sing in mocking tones:

Chin-Chin Kobakama—
Yomo fuké soro!
Oshizumare, Hime-Gimi!
Ya ton ton!

As they danced and whirled about, making up faces, they looked so funny that the young warrior wanted to laugh. Then by the light of the night lantern, he saw the drawn white face of his poor little wife, who was watching the men in wild-eyed horror.

Now the warrior knew that all fairies, ghosts and goblins are afraid of a sword, so drawing his big blade, he rushed from behind the screen and giving a loud war-cry, he struck right and left at the little dancers.

Immediately the little men fell down right where they were and what do you think they were turned into?

TOOTHPICKS!

Yes, just a lot of dirty old toothpicks, that had been

used and thrown aside, by the lazy young woman. There they were scattered all over the floor-mats.

When the young wife saw them, she was very much ashamed, for she knew that they were the toothpicks she had used each day. She was so very lazy that after she used a new tooth-pick, she would stick it down through the tiny slats in the floor-mats in her room.

The little fairies of the floor-mats were angry at this lazy young woman, and so they came out each night to torment her and punish her in this way.

"You have only yourself to blame for this!" scolded her husband, "for this shows that you have been very untidy and lazy."

She knew that her husband was right, so she promised to be a better housekeeper in the future.

The next morning the old servant brushed up the dirty toothpicks, and they were carried out and burned, so, of course, the tiny men never came back. The young wife tried from that time, to be as neat and orderly as her husband could wish.

And so they lived in good order and in peace and happiness ever after.

THE BOASTFUL BAMBOO TREE

FAR, far away, in the flowery Kingdom of Japan is a wonderful snow-capped mountain called Fujiyama. Near this mighty mountain was a great forest, where many tall trees were growing—firs and pines and graceful bamboo trees.

Standing side by side in this forest were two bamboo trees—one was very strong and straight and tall. He held his head high and would not bow before the North Wind; while the other was a little slender bamboo tree, so slight that it bent with every breeze, and trembled with fright

when a severe storm came sweeping down from the mountains.

The little flowers of the forest would also bend in the storm and when they saw the little tree, trembling in the tempest, they would bow to the ground like worshippers before a shrine. The flowers loved the little bamboo tree and were grateful for its shade and the happy children, when they came to the forest to gather the flowers, learned to love the little tree also; they called her "Lady Silver-Mist."

But the big bamboo tree looked down upon her and said scornfully: "You are a coward! A brave bamboo would never show such fear. You bend and bow to every breeze. Just watch me and see how straight I stand. I bow to no one."

"Yes," said the little bamboo tree, humbly, "some day you will be of great use in the world. Maybe you will become a strong beam in some large house or palace, while maybe, if I grow very tall, I will be chosen to carry the carp on the Boys' Festival Day. I should love to help the children and have my pole tall enough to hold the famous fish-flag for the boys."

"Pooh!" answered the big bamboo, "such silly dreams! You, strong enough and tall enough to be used as a flag-pole! Ridiculous! That you should be honored to hold the carp! Now, I would not be content to be a mere flag-pole, nor do I care to be a mere beam in a house. I am so strong that I hope to serve as a mast for some mighty ship, and I shall carry the sails and help the ship on its journey to strange lands across the sea. But you poor, weak, little tree, will see nothing. I do not believe that you are even fit for the New Year's decorations. You will doubtless be cut up and woven into mats for people to walk upon."

The little bamboo did not answer. She knew that she was slim and frail, but she said softly to herself, "I will do the best that I can to grow and maybe some day I shall be of service, too."

Every time the children came to the forest to pick flowers, they would rest under the little bamboo tree. "Our Lady Silver-Mist grows more beautiful every day!" they cried. "See, the leaves are giving us shade now. Let us thank our little tree and weave some flowers together and make her an 'Obi'."

So the children took some of their bright blossoms and bound this flower sash around the slender tree.

Not very long after that, some wood-men came to the forest. "Chop! Chop! Chop!" went their axes, as they cut down the trees.

"What a splendid, straight tall tree!" they said. "This will do for a mast on a big junk; and they began to chop down the big bamboo tree.

"I told you that I shall go out into the world and make a mast," said the boastful bamboo to the little tree. "I suppose you will be cut up in strips and made into raincoats.

"Sa-yô-na-ra, Good-bye, Sa-yô-na-ra," said the little tree sadly, "and may good fortune go with you"

When the wood-men saw the flowers upon the little bamboo-tree, they said, "Why, this little tree must have friends!"

Just then the happy children came running through the forest, and when they saw the wood-men, they said, "Oh, honorable wood-cutters, this is our own little Lady Silver-Mist. We love this little tree better than any in the forest. It is our playmate, please do not cut it down!"

Then one of the woodcutters said, "We are sorry, children, but we are ordered to chop down all the trees on the hillside, so that a beautiful palace may be built here, but if you wish to save your little tree, you may dig it up and carry it away."

The children clapped their hands and shouted joyfully,

So the children took some of their bright blossoms and bound this flower sash around the slender tree.

"Thank you, thank you! We will dig up our Lady Silver-Mist and take her to our own garden and there she shall live always!"

The kindhearted woodmen helped the children to dig up the little bamboo tree, which was then planted in a beautiful garden close down beside the sea. She was very happy for she loved to look over the bright blue water and watch the fleecy clouds reflected in it, as in a mirror.

"I am growing taller," she said, "and I know that I am much stronger." She liked to watch the waves as they tumbled over the coral strand and the yellow sand, as it glistened like gold in the sunbeams. While at night the moon bathed the garden in its silvery light and the dew sparkled like diamonds upon the leaves of the little bamboo tree.

There were many flowers in the garden—tall irises, the rare lotus-lily, the azaleas, and the purple wisteria, and when the sun was very warm the little bamboo tree stretched out its leaves and tried to shade the beautiful flowers.

"How lovely the world is and how happy I am!" she murmured, "but even though I am growing in strength, I must still obey the wind."

When the South Wind rustled through the garden, gently kissing the flowers and rocking the little tree to and fro, the little bamboo tree would whisper, "How kind you are, gentle South Wind!" But when the North Wind roared about her, shaking her branches the little tree would bow humbly before him, saying, "How strong you are, great North Wind!"

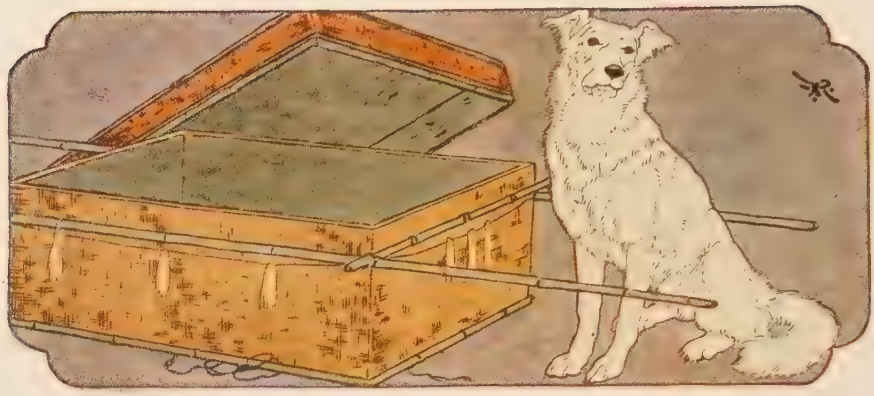
One night there came a severe storm. The wind swept across the seas, the waves beat against the shore and great ships were wrecked and sank. The slender Lady Silver-Mist shook and shook in the terrible storm, and she bent toward the ground in her fright.

In the early morning light, she saw the sandy beach all strewn with wreckage, and as it grew lighter, she beheld on the bank beneath her, her old friend of the forest, the boastful bamboo tree, while all about him were bits of the boat, upon which he had so proudly carried his sails.

"My poor friend," sighed the little tree, "I am so sorry that you have been in such a wreck! How I wish that I could help you."

"It is impossible! No one can help me now," moaned the big bamboo. "If I had only been made into a long pole, with which a coolie could have pushed his boat, I might have been useful for many years, but now it is too late! I am only a bit of broken bamboo, of no use to anyone! Sa-yô-na-ra, Lady Silver-Mist!"

A little later some men picked up the rubbish from the wrecked ship and they chopped up this broken mast for fire-wood, and so that was the end of the boastful bamboo tree.



SCHIPPEITARO

ONCE upon a time there lived in Japan a brave young soldier (or samurai) named Wakiki Mononofu. One day, when he was traveling about the land in search of adventure, he lost his way in a dense forest on a wild and lonely mountainside. Night was coming on and, though he searched through the bushes and brambles, he could not find a single pathway that led out of the forest. Every way he turned he seemed to be more hopelessly lost in the briars and tall grasses which grew thickly on all sides.

Weary and faint for want of food, he stumbled on in the darkness until at last he came to a clearing in the forest where he beheld a ruined temple. A storm was coming up, and the young warrior was very glad to find shelter.

"This temple shall be my palace for the night," he said, "and here I will be safe from the wrath of the Storm God. I will wrap my warm mantle about me and sleep upon the floor, and dream of glory and adventure."

So, with his good sword by his side and his mantle wrapped around him, he lay down upon the floor and was

soon fast asleep. Towards midnight he was awakened by a dreadful noise. At first he thought that he must have had a bad dream; but, as the noise grew louder and louder, he sprang to his feet and, seizing his sword, looked out of the temple door.

The storm clouds had passed, and the moon was peeping out and, to his horror, he saw in the moonlight a strange sight. A troop of hideous cats were dancing about the temple yowling, "*Miaow Miaow Miaow Oww Miaow Oww Oww!*" They were led by a giant black cat, and all were so terrible to look upon that the young soldier shivered with fear, crouching down behind the wall of the temple, for fear of being seen. Then he heard them singing, through their terrible groans:

> "*Tell it not to Schippeitaro!*
> *That the phantom cats are here:*
> *Tell it not to Schippeitaro,*
> *Lest he soon appear!*"

And, as the midnight hour passed, the phantom cats gave a chorus of wild yowls, and disappeared as suddenly as they had come.

Wakiki looked out upon the moonlight shining like silver over the snow-capped mountain in the distance. All about him was still. No longer afraid, he wrapped himself in his long mantle, and slept soundly until the Sun Goddess was high in the sky.

In the morning he started down the mountainside and was soon able to find a path which led him through the forest and down into the valley, where he saw a village. As he was very hungry, he hurried to the nearest home to ask for food. Drawing near, he heard voices from within the house and the sound of crying, but he knocked upon the door, and it was opened by a young girl whose eyes were red with tears.

"O-ha-yo," he said, bowing low. "All night in the storm I was lost upon the mountainside, and I am very hungry. Would you kindly give me a bowl of rice?"

"You are most welcome, honorable stranger," answered the girl. "Enter and be our honorable guest at breakfast with my parents."

The parents of the girl also gave the young warrior a cordial greeting, and soon he was seated upon the floor between them. A small table was placed before him, upon which was a bowl of rice and a cup of tea.

After finishing his breakfast, Wakiki bowed low and said, "My honorable friends, I thank you for a good meal."

"You have been most welcome, honorable guest," said the master of the house. "May peace and happiness attend you."

"And may you and all your household know happiness, honorable host," said the young soldier, bowing low.

"We can never be happy again," said the old man, sadly, as he watched his daughter follow her mother from the room. And from behind the screen, the young soldier could hear bitter weeping.

"You seem to have a terrible sorrow," said the soldier.

"Yes," answered the old man. "We are in great trouble. You must know, brave sumurai, that upon the mountains of this forest there stands an old and ruined temple. It was once a shrine of the gods, but now it is haunted by evil spirits. Every year a black demon, or mountain spirit of evil, comes to this temple, leading his army of evil spirits, and claims a victim from the village. These mountain demons demand that the fairest maiden in the village be brought to them in a cage, else they will come and destroy the whole village. Alas! this year my daughter has been chosen for the sacrifice." And, burying his face in his long sleeve, the old man groaned aloud.

"Indeed, I should think that the young maidens of the village would all wish to be ugly," said the young man, "since the fairest must be fed to this demon. But do not grieve, my honorable friend. I think I know of a way to save your daughter. Tell me, who is Schippeitaro?"

"Schippeitaro is a strong and beautiful white dog," replied the old man. "He belongs to the head-man of our Prince, who lives not far from here. We often see this fine, brave dog following his master about the streets. But why do you ask about the dog?"

"Only trust me," answered the soldier, "and all will be well. Keep your daughter in your home. Guard her closely!"

Now, all the time the old man had been telling the young soldier about the terrible demons, the young man was thinking of his adventure of the night before, and of the horrible phantom cats which had danced and yowled about the ruined old temple. He remembered the song they had sung and felt that they had reason to fear Schippeitaro.

The young soldier hurried away and, fortunately, near the castle, he met the servant of the Prince with his big dog, Schippeitaro. "Will you lend me your strong dog for one night?" asked the young soldier.

"Why should you ask such a favor?" said the servant of the Prince. "My dog is strong and powerful and he helps me guard the castle."

"I only need him for this one night," said the soldier. "I must have him to help me save the life of a fair maiden in this village."

"Well, for tonight only," said the servant, "since you desire him so much! But upon one condition only—that you will bring him back, safe and sound in the morning."

"This shall be done," promised the young warrior. "I will protect Schippeitaro with my sword and my life, and tomorrow he shall return to you in safety."

But, to his surprise, out jumped
the powerful dog, Schippeitaro.

The young warrior then took the great dog with him and, when evening came, placed Schippeitaro in the cage which was to have carried the maiden. Some of the young men of the village carried the cage to the ruined temple and, when they reached the little shrine in the forest put the cage on the ground, and ran down the mountainside as if a whole troop of hobgoblins were chasing at their heels.

With no companion but the great dog, the young warrior remained in the ruined temple.

Just at midnight, when the full moon was high in the heavens, shedding a silvery light over the mountainside, the fearful troop of phantom cats came out, led by the great giant cat.

"*Miaow — Miaow — Miaow — Miaow-Oww — Miaoww-Oww-Oww!*" they shrieked, as they danced wildy about and then, through their terrified groans and moans, the young man heard them chant the same song:

"*Tell it not to Schippeitaro,*
That the phantom cats are here!
Tell it not to Schippeitaro,
Lest he soon appear!"

Scarcely had the song ended when the monster cat caught sight of the cage and, with wild yells of triumph, he sprang upon it. With one blow from his strong paw, he broke open the door of the cage, ready to devour the dainty maiden. But, to his surprise, out jumped the powerful dog, Schippeitaro.

"Yere-yere-re-yere-re," barked the dog, as much as to say, "Here-here-re-here-re, I'll end this here-re!" And, seizing the big cat, he shook him by the throat.

With a loud shout, the young sumurai drew his sword, and ran to the help of the brave dog. The frightful battle was soon over, for, when the other cats saw that their leader was dead, they lost courage and were easily killed.

The young warrior brought back the noble dog to his master, and told the father and mother of the maiden that their daughter was free, and that the whole village was free, for the phantom cats could never trouble them again.

"Brave warrior, how can I ever thank you for all you have done for us?" said the young maiden. "I am the only child of my aged parents and there would have been no one to care for them, if you had not saved me."

"You must not thank me," said the young soldier; "I could never have won this battle alone. You owe it all to the noble dog Schippeitaro, for he killed the phantom cats."

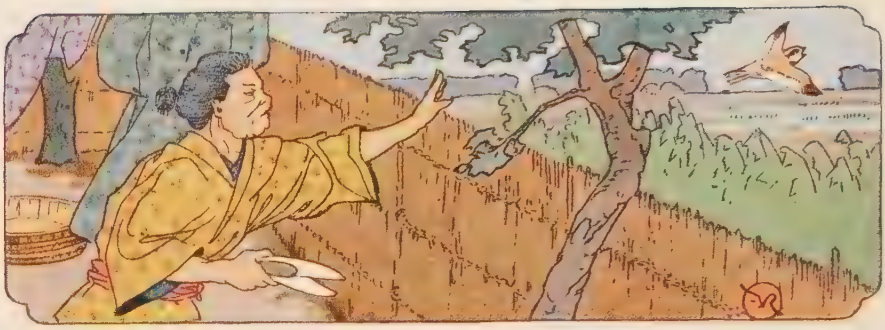
Then the young girl made a wreath of flowers (or obi) and tied it about the great white dog.

All the people of the village, with garlands of flowers, marched with the young soldier and the dog to the castle of the Prince.

The sumurai told his story to the servant of the prince, and thanked him for his part in saving the life of the maiden by lending him the brave dog Schippeitaro.

Then all the people shouted and sang songs:

"*All honor be to Schippeitaro,*
The brave, the noble Schippeitaro;
When the cruel cats came near,
Schippeitaro showed no fear.
Now the cats will return no more,
We can live in peace forever;
All honor be to Schippeitaro,
The brave and noble Schippeitaro."



THE TONGUE-CUT SPARROW

(SHITAKIRI SUZUME)

ONCE upon a time, there lived in Japan an old man and his wife. Their home was small, for they were very poor, but they were always good and kind to everyone, so that everyone loved them. They were kind to all the animals and birds, and all the creatures loved them.

One morning, when the good wife slid back the screen doors to open her house to the warm sunshine, a poor hungry little sparrow flew into the room.

"Cheep! cheep! cheep!" called the little sparrow as the woman took him up gently in her hand. "Cheep-eep-eep! Cheep-eep-eep! I want something to eat! Cheep-eep-eep!"

The woman seemed to understand his hungry little cries for she gave him some food and filled a sake cup with water for him to drink. After he had finished his breakfast, she let him go, so that he might fly far away to his home, but that grateful little sparrow stayed near her home and tried to thank her with his sweet songs.

Every morning, when the sun was just touching the mountain tops with a rosy glow, the little sparrow would

carol out his songs of joy, and the old man and his wife would be awakened by the sweet songster.

Near them lived a very cross old woman who did not care to be awakened so early in the morning by the song of the sparrow. "You noisy little bird!" she would scold, "if I could catch you, I would cut out your tongue!"

One day this cross old woman put a basin of starch outside her home, for she was planning to wash her clothes that morning. The little sparrow was on the branch of a tree overhead and, when he saw the starch, he thought that it was food placed there for him to eat, so he flew down and had almost eaten it all, when the cross woman saw him. She seized the sparrow, crying, "You hateful thing, I will get even with you for this!" And she cut out his tongue and let him go.

Chirping sadly, the poor little bird flew far away to his home, but never again could he sing his sweet songs.

As soon as the good woman heard that her pet sparrow had been so cruelly hurt, she said to her husband, "We will go together and find our poor little tongue-cut sparrow."

So they set out, the next day, crying out to everyone they met, "Where does the tongue-cut sparrow stay? Where does the tongue-cut sparrow stay?" They asked all the birds and beasts they met and, because the old man and woman had always been kind to them and fed them, all the birds and beasts helped them on their way.

Presently they came to a bridge. They did not know what to do, nor which way to turn, but, under the bridge, the old man saw a bat hanging with his head down taking his daytime sleep.

"Friend bat, friend bat, I am sorry to awaken you, but do you know where the tongue-cut sparrow went?" asked the old man.

"Yes, honorable friend," answered the bat, "he has

flown over the bridge and up the mountain-side to his home."

"Thank you, friend bat," said the man.

Then the old couple went on their way over the bridge and up the mountain-side, where they found two roads. They did not know which one to take, but, just then, they saw a tiny fieldmouse peering out at them from under some tall grasses and they said:

"Friend fieldmouse, do you know where the tongue-cut sparrow lives?"

"Yes, honorable friend," answered the fieldmouse, "he flew down over the side of this mountain to those woods down in the valley. His home is in the forest down there."

"Thank you, friend fieldmouse," said the old man.

The old couple went on their way down the mountain and into the woods and at last they came to the home of the little sparrow.

When the sparrow saw that his old master and mistress had come to see him, he chirped to his wife and his children and grandchildren, "Come quickly, and welcome our honorable friends!"

All the sparrow family came out at once and bowing down to the ground to show their respect to these "honorable friends," they all chirped and twittered their welcome. "O-ha-yo" (Good morning). "O-ha-yo! honorable friends!"

The sparrow brought his old friends into the house and thanked them for their kindness to him in the old days. He asked that a feast should be prepared at once for his good master and mistress, and so the sparrow family spread a table and soon served the old man and his wife with fish and rice and sake, and all manner of good things to eat and to drink.

After feasting for some time, the sparrow wished to entertain his guests. He could not sing to them now as his poor little tongue was cut, but he could dance very grace-

fully, and so he danced for them a little jig, which is called the "sparrow's dance."

When it began to grow late and the sun was sinking in the west, making the sky all purple and pink like the beautiful wisteria hanging over the wall, the old man said to his wife, "See, the sun is setting; soon it will be growing dark! We must start for home, as we have a long journey before us!"

The sparrow, hearing this, brought out two wicker baskets, saying, "Honorable Friends, we would like to give you a parting present. Which of these baskets do you desire—will you take the heavy one, or the light one?"

The old people replied, "We are old and our backs are bent so, if it please you, give us the light basket for it will be easier for us to carry."

"Certainly," said the sparrow, "it shall be as you desire. You may have the light basket, for you have a long journey before you. We trust that you may reach your home in safety. We are so very grateful to you, dear master and mistress, for your honorable visit."

"Thank you, good sparrow, for your hospitality and kindness to us," said the old man. "May you and your family always have peace and plenty. And now we must say goodbye."

"Sa-yô-na-ra," chirped the sparrows.

Strapping the basket upon his back, the man and his wife went on their way home, over the mountain and across the bridge. They were so happy that the road did not seem long and, strange to say, the basket seemed to grow lighter and lighter all the way.

When they returned to their home, the old woman said, "Let us open our basket and see what the sparrow has given us." They opened the basket and, to their surprise, found gold and silver and jewels and rolls of silk. And the strange

"Which of these baskets do you desire? Will you take the heavy one or the light one?"

thing about it was that the more they took out, the more they found inside. There seemed to be no end to their riches.

The cross old woman who had cut out the sparrow's tongue saw them going by her home in the early morning, and she wondered where they had been all day. So, when she heard them returning at night, she came to their home and peered through their screen and spied upon them. By the light of their lantern she saw them take out the gold and silver, the precious jewels and the rolls of silk. She knew now that they were very rich and she was so envious of them that she made up her mind to find out about their journey and how they came by all of these presents.

The next morning, she came over to see the good woman to question her about the journey of the day before.

"Where did you and your good man go yesterday? I saw you leave in the early dawn and I heard you come home in the darkness of night."

"Oh, we went to find our poor little tongue-cut sparrow," said the good woman, "and we did have such a happy day with him." But she did not tell her cross neighbor about the treasure which the sparrow had given them.

"Tell me the way to find your sparrow," said the cross old woman. "I am sorry I cut out his tongue and I would seek him, to ask his pardon."

The good woman told her just how to go, and soon the cross woman was upon her way.

When she finally reached the home of the sparrow, he came out to meet her and was very polite to her; he invited her into his home and his family gave her a feast.

But the cross woman did not even thank them, nor did she tell the sparrow that she was sorry that she had cut out his tongue.

When it was time for her to go home, the sparrow brought out two wicker baskets as before and asked, "Will

you take the heavy one, or shall I give you the light one?"

"The heavy one! I am strong! It will not be too heavy for me!" said the greedy old woman, for she thought, "I shall have twice as many treasures as my neighbors!" She did not thank the sparrow for his hospitality, nor for his gift. Seizing the basket, she put it on her back and went upon her way.

The sparrow family all tittered and laughed at her as she staggered away. The basket was as heavy as stone and was hard to carry, but she struggled through the woods and over the mountain. When she crossed the bridge, it was so dark and the basket was so heavy that she was afraid she would fall into the water and be dragged down by her treasure.

The basket seemed to grow heavier and heavier, but the thought of all the gold and silver and precious stones and the rolls of silk she must be carrying, helped her to go on.

At last she reached her home. She was so tired that she could hardly move. She closed all of her screens tightly so that no one could spy upon her treasure. She lighted one lantern and then she bent down and opened her big basket.

The moment she took off the lid, out came a troop of ugly goblins and other frightful creatures. They came screaming at her, pinching and stinging her, and pulling her about the room. The cross woman crawled to the door and pushed aside the screen, trying to get away from them, but the demons seized her and carried her away, and she never was heard of again.

As for the good old couple, they lived in peace and plenty all the rest of their days, and they always were grateful to their friend, the tongue-cut sparrow.

THE WONDERFUL WATERFALL

ONCE upon a time, there was a poor wood-cutter who lived in a little home with his father and mother. Every morning, when the sun was just tinting the eastern sky with a rosy light, the young man would climb high up upon the mountain-side and there he would chop trees busily until nightfall.

But with all of his hard work he could not earn enough money to buy his poor parents the good things which he longed to give to them.

"How I wish that I could earn more money," he said, "so that I could always buy them good food to eat, and

tea, and sometimes a little sake (wine) to drink. My poor parents really need a little sake in their old age."

Yet no matter how hard he worked, he could not earn enough to buy anything extra, so that they had only rice to eat and weak tea to drink and sometimes they did not even have tea, but had to drink hot water.

One morning, he climbed up a very steep mountain. It was a long hard climb and, because it was so difficult a place to climb, no other wood-choppers were working there.

"Chop—Chop—Chop!" went his axe, and as he piled up the logs, he said to himself, "Maybe today I shall have good luck and will be able to get a good price for my logs!"

About noontime, when it was very warm in the sun, he stopped to rest for a few moments in the shade of a tree, while he ate the little rice cake which his good mother had baked for his luncheon.

Suddenly he saw nearby upon the ground a fat little badger who was sound asleep.

"Well, I am in luck for here is a fat morsel that I can take home to my mother. She can make a fine stew of him. My poor parents have not had any meat for many days."

But when he looked down at the sleeping badger, he did not have the heart to kill him. "Poor little fellow," he said, "It is not fair to take the life of a sleeping thing, giving him no chance to escape. I will let him go and I will work hard and try to buy some meat for my parents."

To his great surprise, the badger stood up and said, "You are a wise young man not to try to take my life. You could not do it, anyway. But since you have so good a heart, I will be kind to you and help you. But first please go beyond the tall pine tree and bring me a smooth stone which you will find there."

The wood-cutter went at once to the pine tree to get

the stone. There he was amazed to behold, spread out upon the stone, a rich feast of rice and fish, meat and dumplings to eat, and tea and sake to drink.

Although the young man was very hungry, he did not taste this food. Instead he gave a little sigh, and said, "Oh dear! how I would like to take all that food home to my parents!"

Just then he heard a little laugh. "Ha!-Ha! He!-He! come eat with me, come eat with me, are you not hungry? Why don't you eat?"

"Yes, I am very hungry," answered the young wood-cutter, "but I was just wishing that I could take this food home to my poor parents."

"Well, your wish has come true," said the friendly little badger, blinking his eyes at the young man, "for at this very time your parents are eating the same food at home, so let us sit down and enjoy this together."

The young man and the badger had a fine feast and the wood-cutter was just about to thank his little friend, when the badger suddenly ran away and disappeared in the woods. Where he had been, the young man now saw a wonderful waterfall that fell tinkling upon the rocks, singing a sweet song.

The water sparkled upon the stones and the wood-cutter feeling very thirsty bent down, using his hand for a cup, and drank. To his surprise he found that it was not water he was drinking, but was sweet sake. Never had he tasted such good sake. He filled his gourd and hurried home to share it with his father and mother.

"Here is some good sake for you, father," cried the young man joyfully.

Then he told his parents the whole story about the badger and the fine feast he had eaten.

"We also had a fine feast," said the mother. "You are

a good son, always thinking of us before you think of yourself."

"I did not bring you the food," laughed the young man. "It was the generous badger who did that, but really I cannot understand about this wonderful waterfall where sake flows."

Now a neighbor overheard the young wood-cutter telling his father about the sake and soon the word had been spread through the village, about the wonderful waterfall.

The next morning the young wood-cutter was very much astonished to see many people of the village going up the mountain before him. They were all carrying large gourds and jars, for each one wanted to bring home a great deal of sake.

When the villagers saw how many had come upon the same errand they were cross at each other, until one man laughingly said, "We are all here for the same thing, so why try to hide it; we all want to fill our gourds and jars with this sake and take it home, but let us have one good taste, before we go." Stooping down the man filled his gourd and all of the villagers did the same, then they all took one deep drink.

How disappointed they were to find that it was not sake at all! "Nothing but water!" called one. "Water, clear cold water!" gasped another.

Then the first man raged and shouted, "That young woodcutter has played a trick upon us! Where is he? We will duck him in his own waterfall!"

But the wood-cutter had wisely slipped away behind a big rock and they could not find him. One after another tasted the stream, but there was no sake for them. Only the clear cold water. So the angry people went down the mountain-side, scolding about the wood-cutter who had deceived them with his fine tales.

To his surprise he found that it was not water he was drinking, but sweet sake.

When they were gone, the young man slipped out from his hiding place and said, "Well, this is very astonishing! I must try that water myself! Was it really sake, or did I dream it, yesterday?"

Leaning over the stream, he filled his gourd and took a long drink.

"It is sake—sweet sake!" he said; "just as it was yesterday! I cannot understand this!"

Then the wonderful waterfall seemed to laugh, as it tinkled over the stones and the wood-cutter heard a soft voice singing:

"Sweet sake—sweet sake—for him who is kind—
While those who seek self, clear water will find—
But sake—sweet sake—for him who is kind."

When the Emperor of Japan heard this story, he sent a gift of rolls of silk and gold pieces to reward this young man for his kindness to his parents.

And the Emperor gave to that year the name of the young man, so that everyone in Japan might know this story. "For this will be a lesson," said the Emperor, "to all of our children, in the future, to honor and obey their parents, as did this young wood-cutter."

THE STONE-CUTTER

LONG, long ago there lived in Japan, a poor stone-cutter named Hafiz. Every day Hafiz hammered with his strong mallet and chisel, cutting the great rock upon the side of the mountains.

"Chip! Chip! Chip!" went his sharp chisel, while the specks of stone flew all about him—"Chip! Chip! Chip!"

Sometimes Hafiz cut slabs of stone for gravestones, and sometimes the stones he cut were used for big buildings, and, for a time, he was happy and contented with his work. But one day he carried a gravestone to the home of a rich man, and when he saw all the beautiful things the rich man enjoyed, he grew envious and unhappy.

"I don't see why I have to spend my days hewing and hacking away at this rock!" he muttered, "while this rich man lives in his beautiful home, with nothing to do but enjoy himself."

As he worked busily at the rock, he grew more and

There was a rushing sound like
the voice of a great wind.

more restless and discontented. Finally, he threw down his mallet, groaning out: "How I wish that I were a rich man!"

There was a rushing noise like the noise of a great wind, and then all was still, and a solemn voice was heard saying:

"Hafiz, listen unto me!
Thy wish now is granted thee,
Be thou the rich man!"

Now Hafiz had heard of strange tales of a mountain spirit who could do wonderful things, but he had never believed in this spirit, and so when he heard the sound, he looked all around, but as he could see no one, he thought that he had been dreaming. "There is no such a thing as the spirit of the mountain," he said.

Picking up his tools, he went home, but to his great surprise, in place of his old hut, there stood a mansion, surrounded by a beautiful garden, and everything about it, inside and out, as complete as it was in the home of the rich man he had envied.

Hafiz was very happy in his new home; he enjoyed this life of luxury with nothing to do.

One day, as he was looking out upon the street, he saw the King riding by in his golden chariot, drawn by eight prancing white horses. Guards rode at either side of the chariot. They were dressed all in cloth of silver and blue velvet. The day was very warm, and the servants held over the King a large golden umbrella to protect him from the rays of the sun.

As Hafiz watched the King and his royal procession, he became envious and unhappy.

"It must be wonderful to be a king and rule all the people," he said. "How I wish that I were a King and could ride in a golden chariot, under a golden umbrella."

Then he heard the rushing noise of the wind, and when all was still, a voice said solemnly:

"Hafiz, listen unto me!
Thy wish now is granted thee,
Be thou the King!"

And Hafiz became the King, and his home was changed into a royal palace.

One summer day, when the sun was very warm, Hafiz, the King, was riding out in his golden chariot drawn by eight white horses. Over his head the servants held the golden umbrella, but still he felt the heat from the sun. He looked out upon the grass, scorched and brown by the warm rays of the sun. The little flowers were withering by the side of the road, and he knew that the sun was burning his face, browner and browner every day.

He cried out in anger, "The sun is mightier than I! I am warm and weary when I feel the hot rays of the sun, so the sun is more powerful than a King! How I wish that I were the sun!"

As he said that, a loud roaring sound was heard, like a mighty wind rushing down from the mountains and a solemn voice said in a deep tone:

"Hafiz, listen unto me!
Thy wish now is granted thee,
Be thou the Sun!"

And Hafiz became the Golden Sun. He was proud of his power, and sent his bright beams down upon the grass and the fields, burning up the harvest. He scorched the faces of the rich and poor alike.

But one day a big dark cloud covered his face, hiding the earth from him. Hafiz was very angry, and called out:

"Is the Cloud then mightier than the Sun? The Cloud holds my bright beams and will not let me reach down to

the earth! Can it be stronger than I am? How I wish that I were the Cloud!"

Once again a mighty wind arose, and when all was still the solemn voice was heard saying:

"Hafiz, listen unto me!
Thy wish now is granted thee,
Be thou the Cloud!"

Then Hafiz became a Cloud, and sent down rain upon the dry earth. He held back the sun's rays and all the earth grew green again. But that was not enough, for rejoicing in his new power, he sent so much rain to the earth that the rivers overflowed their banks, the rice fields were ruined and towns and villages were swept away by the floods.

There was one great rock upon the side of the mountain that was not harmed by these torrents, and as Hafiz the Cloud looked down at the rock he became angry.

"Is that rock down there stronger than I am? How I wish that I were the Rock!"

And there arose a mighty wind, and a loud voice which was heard above the tempest:

"Hafiz, listen unto me,
Thy wish now is granted thee,
Be thou the Rock!"

Then Hafiz became the Rock, and he rejoiced in his strength. "Let the rain pour down upon me," he said haughtily. "The rain cannot move me. Let the sun send down its warmest rays upon me. It cannot scorch or brown me, for I am a rock, stronger than anything in the world!"

But one day he heard a noise—"Chip! Chip! Chip!"—as a heavy mallet pounded a chisel into his side—"Chip! Chip! Chip!" Every blow of the mallet made an ugly crack in the side of the Rock.

Hafiz looked down and saw a small stone-cutter working away at the smooth surface of the rock.

"Can it be that a mere man is stronger than a great rock? How I wish that I were that man," groaned Hafiz.

Then the wind rushed down the mountain and a loud voice was heard as it echoed and re-echoed through the mountains:

"Hafiz, listen unto me,
Thy wish now is granted thee,
Be thou, Thyself!"

And there was Hafiz—a poor stone-cutter, hammering away at the rock trying to earn his daily bread. His home was a lowly hut, his food was poor and scarce, his bed was hard, but as his mallet hammered away at the rock—"Chip! Chip! Chip!"—he could almost hear it say: "The King was mightier than the Rich Man; The Sun was stronger than the King; The Cloud was more powerful than the Sun; the Rock was stronger than the Cloud; but Hafiz, the Stone-Cutter is more powerful than All!"

Little Peachling

Rainbow Edition